

THE OCALA BANNER

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Your flag and my flag, and how it flies today;
In your land and my land and half the world away;
Rose red and blood red its stripes forever gleam;
Snow white and soul white, the good forefathers' dream;
Sky blue and true blue, with stars that gleam aright;
The gloried guidon of the day, a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag, and oh, how much it holds!
Your land and my land secure within its folds;
Your heart and my heart beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed, the red and blue and white;
The one flag, the great flag, the flag for me and you;
Glorified all else beside, the red and white and blue.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1908

Hope is the mother of disappointment.

Too many foolish people button their thoughts behind.

Talent is one thing; tact is everything.

Many a man's reputation for wisdom is due to his ability to keep his mouth shut.

Hon. Tom. Watson is showing daily that one can run for the presidency without being any more important than the bridegroom is at a wedding.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"So Wild Bill died of a snake bite? What did he get bit?"

"Oh, the snake didn't bite Bill. The snake bit Tough Tompkins. An' Tompkins drank two quarts o' th' remedy an' then shot Bill."—Judge's Library.

Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, who is confined to his apartment at a New York hotel, following an operation on his throat, was reported yesterday to be in a greatly improved condition.

Gadsden county will hereafter be called "the mother of governors"—Tampa Tribune.

And she's proud of her boys, every one of them. We have plenty of reserve timber when the present supply gives out.—Quincy Journal.

One Borland, who edits a paper at Madison, is being shown up in an unenviable light. He tried to get another party to make an affidavit to damage Gilchrist, promising a convict inspector's job as a reward if Stockton should be elected.—Lakeland News.

Little Harry, who dreaded the frequent plunges that his mother made him take in the bathtub was reading about the Esquimaux and came across the statement that bathtubs were unknown in the arctic circle. "Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "I wish you was an Esqui-ma and papa was an Esqui-pa."—Chicago News.

If you have found a good thing, share it with your fellows; if you have got a good idea, tell it to the world; if you have learned to get up in life, don't tear down the steps or pull up ladders. Multiply helps instead of hindrances; give a caress instead of a kick. It is better to put on a patch than to enlarge the hole.

At Rochester the Standard Oil Company was found guilty of accepting concessions from the filed tariff on oil shipments from Orleans, N. Y., to Vermont points. There are forty counts, and the maximum fine on each count is \$20,000, or a total for the whole of the shipments of \$800,000. An appeal was taken.

Whether for himself personally, or for the policies which he stands for, Hoke Smith's defeat for re-election to the governorship of Georgia is a crushing rebuff. * * * Whether the event means that Georgia is decisively weary of reform remains to be seen. Present indications are strongly in that direction.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

It is reported that one of the fastidious newly married ladies of this town kneads bread with her gloves on. This incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on. He needs bread with his shirt on. He needs bread with his pants on, and unless some of the delinquent subscribers of this "Old Rag of Freedom" pay up before long, he will need bread without a d—d thing on, and North Dakota is no Garden of Eden in the winter time.—Leading North Dakota Paper.

POWER OF CONGRESS TO APPROPRIATE MONEYS FOR GOOD ROADS

Senator John H. Bankhead, the new senator from Alabama, is a good roads man, and recently added an amendment to the postoffice department, and followed the same up with a speech in which he showed most conclusively that the congress has the power under the constitution to appropriate moneys for the construction of military and postroads; that the power was early recognized by our earlier statesmen and it persisted in this country will soon be cobwebbed over with good roads.

Senator Bankhead, in a long speech, among other things said:

On March 14, 1818, the house of representatives passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That congress has power under the constitution to appropriate money for the construction of postroads, military and other roads, and of canals, and for the improvement of waterways."

Mr. President, what was the attitude of the leading statesmen in the early days of the republic? Thomas Jefferson said in a letter to Mr. Lieper in 1808:

"Give us peace till our revenues are liberated from debt, and then, if war be necessary, it can be carried on without a new tax or loan, and during peace we may check our own whole country with canals, roads, etc. This is the subject to which all our endeavors should be directed."

Henry Clay advocated the building of national roads in a speech made in congress in 1818, in which he said:

"Of all the modes in which a government can employ its surplus revenue, none is more permanently beneficial than that of internal improvement. Fixed to the soil it becomes a durable part of the land itself, diffusing comfort and activity and animation on all sides. The first direct effect is on the agricultural community, into whose pockets comes the difference in the expense of transportation between good and bad ways. Thus in the price of transporting a barrel of flour by the erection of the Cumberland turnpike should be lessened \$2, the producer of the article would receive that \$2 more now than formerly."

In addition to this, congress has a stronger and more specific warrant for making this appropriation, under the authority conferred by the constitution "to establish postoffices and postroads." Cooley, in his book on Constitutional Law, says:

"Every road within a state, including railroads, canals, turnpikes, and navigable streams, existing or created within a state, becomes a postroad, whenever, by the action of the postoffice department, provision is made for the transportation of mails upon or over it."

Postroads and public highways are highways of commerce, as much so as are railroads or rivers and harbors. They are the small arteries of our commercial body, which extend out in to the country, and gather up and bring to market, railroad station and wharf the great volume of the raw products of the country, which are the real constituent elements of our commerce. They are equally indispensable to our commercial growth and welfare, and are equally deserving of the fostering care of the government.

THEN AND NOW

In 1879 there was a bill before congress regulating interstate commerce. The main objects of the bill were the preventing of rebates and discriminations. The bill was prepared by Mr. Reagan of Texas, aided by Mr. Kenna, of Virginia, then quite a young man.

A great many prominent men were then in congress among whom might be mentioned the authors of the bill, Messrs. Reagan and Kenna, Mr. Benj. H. Hill, of Georgia, General Hampton, of South Carolina, Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, Mr. Harris, of Tennessee, Mr. Vest, of Missouri, Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, Mr. Thurman, of Ohio, and men generally of that stamp.

When asked about some detail of the bill Mr. Reagan replied: "It was our express intention not to adopt any provision in the bill that could embarrass the railroads in the management of their business in any legal manner."

There were no million dollar fines in those days against any of our large business interests for some oversight or negligence of a rate clerk. This hostility to capital employed in legitimate trade has sprung up since then.

The recent conference of governors has brought out strikingly the frightful waste of the country's natural resources that is going on in every direction. The woman suffragists point to it as an object lesson on the need of granting a voice in public affairs to women, who are theeconomical sex. Fifty years ago Theodore Parker said one reason why he favored woman suffrage was because few old women kept house so wastefully as chancellors of the exchequer keep the state.

PARTIAL RETURN OF VISION TO BLIND SENATOR

Washington, June 11.—"Have I hope?" said Senator Gore of Oklahoma, this afternoon. "Of course I have, and lots of it. But I have no great expectations. Dr. Wilmer tells me that if my eyes had been treated fifteen years ago the one he is now working on would probably have been saved; and that is how my case really stands, I guess. However, I am going to keep up the treatment during the democratic convention at Denver, and in the campaign, and if things come out all right, I will submit to an operation next fall."

The blind senator was listening to a friend reading from Mill's "Elements of Political Economy," at his boarding house No. 1508 B Street, and was as cheerful as a child out of school. He had been able to see one of the cuffs of his shirt less than twenty-four hours before, and less than three hours previously he had discerned the five fingers on one hand.

He declined to say anything for publication about these phenomenal occurrences, because he feared he might raise false hopes in the breasts of his friends, but his joy was manifest.

At the Episcopal eye, ear and throat hospital the house physician and the internes were unmistakably pleased with the turn things had taken.

"We just won't talk," they said.

"However, see Dr. Wilmer and he will tell you the news."

But that eminent oculist has been fooled before, and he declined to admit even that the outlook was favorable. He simply reiterated that the chance of restoring sight to the eye was remote. He did not care to commit himself further. However, he was palpably pleased with the progress of the treatment.

In the Gore family there is one person who has both hoped and believed in the success of the experiment from the very first. It is the senator's little five-year-old daughter, Nina, his constant companion and ardent admirer. She is fond of drawing, and her mother believes that some day she will be an artist. When her father entered the hospital a week ago she began to turn out pictures at a great rate, and she is still at them.

"I just want to show daddy what I can do," she said. And "daddy" gladly admits that her little face and those pictures are about the biggest things in the world to him. She sits by his side and draws away. Once in a while she stops long enough to put her arms around his neck and kiss him and assure him that before very long he will be able to see her and mamma for the first time.

"Several prose poems have been written about my blindness recently," said Senator Gore, "and I appreciate the sentiment expressed in them. But I don't want sympathy. I have never asked any man any odds in politics. Other blind men have done much more than I have, and still others will far outstrip me in the future.

"Inability to use my eyes is not as big a handicap as people seem to think, and whether Dr. Wilmer's experiments succeeds or fails, I will continue to mingle with you and show you that, to my mind, sight is not the greatest thing in the world after all."

DOES ADVERTISING PAY—CUPID SAYS IT DOES

Miss Rose Rouse, a pretty and enterprising young woman, a few weeks ago started a magazine in Denver called the Office Tattler.

In order to get advertising she went about the city on a canvassing tour, and among others she called upon was Thomas Ryan, a young business man with an office in the Carlton building.

Mr. Ryan was so much impressed with the young woman's arguments and eyes that he ordered twice as much advertising as he needed. After she left the office she sought out a mutual friend, through whom he secured a formal introduction to Miss Rouse at the School of Mines dance held two weeks later.

During the evening Mr. Ryan asked the young lady to marry him and she consented. The knot was tied just six weeks after they first met. The Office Tattler is now without an editor.

TAKE UP THE WHITE MAN'S MUSKET

Take up the white man's musket,
The deadliest ones ye make;
Go drill your sons to use it,
And then, for Jesus' sake,
End them with ammunition
To hunt these heathen wild.
Your new caught, sullen people,
On whom God never smiled.

Take up the white man's cannon,
The largest that ye cast;
Go put it on your warships,
The strongest ones and fast—
Speed them to heathen countries,
Seek out each farthest spot,
And save these sullen people
With Bibles and with shot.
—David B. Page, in Humanity.

WATTERSON KNOWS

Henry Watterson knew what he was writing about in the editorial columns of the Louisville Courier-Journal when he said:

"The successful newspaper man often remains a newspaper man, despite chances for greater prominence and greater compensation in business or in another profession, finding contentment in congenial work. Newspaper failures may be divided, roughly, into two classes. They are the men who cannot develop sufficient ability to make these for themselves either in newspaper work or out of it, and men who, thinking not of yesterday or tomorrow, but only of to-day, do indifferent work and in the end reap as they have sown. To the latter class belong many bright young men who become derelicts and are pointed to as examples of the 'demoralizing effect of journalistic work.'"

The good reporter must be a student of men, women, and events. The "cub" who has a "nose for news" scents the good as well as the bad in human nature and in human institutions. To him "all the world is a stage." As he gets his growth he becomes acquainted with the players, not only as they strut in the limelight, but also as they appear behind the scenes, with robes and grease paint and tinsel crown removed.

It is said that the world knows nothing of its great men. The reporter of wide experience knows a great deal of some of them. He learns, of course that some of the greatest are the smallest, and the sum total of his knowledge makes him sometimes an optimistic cynic; he is rarely a pessimist. He gets a sense of proportion and a faculty for "diagnosing" men and discerning motives. In business as well as in politics diplomacy is useful and there is no better school of diplomacy than the newspaper office.

RANK HERESY

Once there was a senate that went into committee of the whole to consider the propriety of passing a currency bill.

"Mr. Chairman," said one of the senators from the state of Nevermind, rising in his place, "inasmuch as this is a purely financial question, and as most of the members of this body probably are like myself and unfamiliar with such matters, I move that we refer this whole business to a committee composed of well known financial experts, in whose capability and integrity the people can implicitly—"

Instantly a deafening uproar arose. "No!" "Absurd!" "Impossible!" "Rot!" "Sit down! Sit down!" "Go soak your head!" "Put him out!"

These exclamations, which the rash, misguided senator could distinguish amid the din, seemed to imply that he had made a parliamentary blunder of some kind, and he didn't insist upon the motion. He was a new man and not thoroughly up in the ways of statesmen.—Chicago Tribune.

What is probably the largest shark to be caught in Pensacola bay in a number of years was landed on Perdido wharf late last night by a party of young men, who were engaged in the sport of shark fishing. A number of small sharks had been caught at the point and the party, composed of eight, was well equipped when the catch occurred. A monster shark was hooked, however, instead of a small one, as anticipated, and a tug-of-war followed, the big shark being on one end and seven men on the other. The latter were finally victorious, and what is claimed to be a man-eater was landed, which measured 12 feet and 9 inches. Another specimen measuring 10 feet was later caught. The men were using rope as fishing line with hooks made at a blacksmith shop and with over a pound of meat as bait when they hooked the shark.—Pensacola Cor. Times-Union.

THE DOG

He is, in a way, like your youth, come back to you and taking form—all instinct and joy and adventure. You can ignore him and he is not offended; you can reproach him and he still loves you; you can hail him, and he bounds with joy; you can camp and tramp or ride with him, and his interest and curiosity and adventurous spirit give to the days and nights the true holiday atmosphere. With him you are alone and not alone; you have both companion and solitude. Who would have him more human or less canine? He divines your thoughts through his love and feels your will in the glance of your eye. He is not a rational being, yet he is a very perceptive one, and touches us at so many points that we come to look upon him with a fraternal regard.—John Burroughs.

It is up to Mr. Bryan to catch on to a few pointers from the Georgia landslide.

THE JUST MAN IN POLITICS

The just man seems to have no place in politics. Pardon the expression, but he is as much at home as a fish out of water. He has no home nor abiding place. Both sides look upon him with suspicion. If he resolutely condemns the methods of his friends the same as he would if the same methods were practiced by his enemies, he is denounced as disloyal—a spy in the camp, and the verdict is, "put him out!" If he is not in arms against his enemies for practicing the precise methods as those pursued by his friends, he is forthwith put under the ban and the verdict rendered against him is "put him out!"

To be popular, to be even in good standing, one must belong to the "knock down" and "drag out" variety. He that "is not for me is against me." One cannot be fair, be just, nor tolerant in politics and be popular. He must be a partisan, and the more bitter and vituperative the more popular. He must paraphrase the sentence and sentiment, "Always right, but right or wrong, my country!"

The governing principle seems to be that you must either be for us or against us. There is no half-way ground. The adherence to this principle brought on our civil war. Neither section would admit that there was a possibility of its being wrong and there was no compromise and no quarter and the just man, the man who wanted to weigh the arguments of both sides dispassionately and without prejudice and arrive at a fair and just conclusion was at a disadvantage and was in danger of having his personal liberty abridged to be spelt above a whisper.

If we want to arrive at a just conclusion we are told that a thing is either right or wrong, and that we must not temporize with evil.

The outcome of it all is our present primary politics, intensified by our primary system.

PASSENGERS RAIN BOUND

The northbound Santa Fe Wednesday at noon brought a trainload of people, a majority of whom were through passengers, and on account of high water were forced to remain over here until this morning.

The understood that when they left Fort Worth they would be able to go right through, but on account of the Santa Fe line north being out of commission that road was not able to detour trains over the Rock Island as had been intended, owing to a washout near Randolph, and ten inches of water was running over the tracks.

The Santa Fe provided accommodations for forty-one passengers at the Whittington until the train could be gotten through to take them on to their destination at points north. In the party were several families from California, German emigrants, but thoroughly able to speak our language and care for themselves. The others were mostly southern people en route to the northern summer resorts.

It is believed that by today trains may be detoured over the Rick Island if the Santa Fe north is not ready for passenger business.—Ardmore (Oklahoma) Democrat.

Mr. T. H. Harris of this city is one of the crowd of passengers rainbound at Ardmore. They have been compelled to remain there several days and he says that the rains and winds have been terrific—almost enough to blow away the town.

GEORGIA PEACH MOVEMENT

Atlanta, June 13.—Georgia's peach crop is beginning to move in earnest. So far 141 carloads have been shipped. Probably 80 per cent. of these have gone to New York, the rest to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and Pittsburg. They have come mainly from Fort Valley, Montezuma, Marshville and Americus.

The following reports show how the crop has been moving since June 1: Two cars to Baltimore, 49 to New York, 2 to Boston, 16 to Philadelphia, 4 to Pittsburg, 2 to Jersey City, 7 to Utica, N. Y., 1 to Wheeling, W. Va., 3 to Cincinnati, 1 to Cleveland, 1 to Syracuse and 1 to Harrisburg.

The local commission merchants report that the quality of peaches sent here is steadily improving. As a result 20 cents more is being paid this week than last. The varieties on the market are the Greensboros and the Florida honey peach. The latter are bringing \$2@2.25. Carman peaches are being shipped almost exclusively from south Georgia now.—New York Produce News.



That hacking cough continues
Because your system is exhausted and your powers of resistance weakened.
Take Scott's Emulsion.
It builds up and strengthens your entire system.
It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

HEMORRHOIDS SORES AND ECZEMA

Accompanied by Terrible Itching—A Complicated and Most Distressing Case—Well-known Remedies Failed to Cure—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary—Then

CUTICURA PROVED ITS WONDERFUL EFFICACY

"I am now eighty years old and one morning, three years ago, I was taken with a hard pain in my right side. In two days I had an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor gave me some medicine and an ointment for them which helped me some but I had to keep using them all the time. Then I changed to the P— remedy; but if I did not use it every day, I would get worse. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. At this time, about a year ago, I went to using the S— remedies. I tried them for four or five months but did not get much help for my piles. During this time some would come on a fleshy part of my body. They bothered me all the time. I would get one healed and another would come. These sores changed to eczema, accompanied by a terrible itching. It seemed as if I could not keep my hands from tearing my flesh. This and the pile troubles brought on an inflamed condition. Then I got the Cuticura Remedies. I washed the affected parts with Cuticura Soap and warm water in the morning, at noon, and at night, then used Cuticura Ointment on the irritated surfaces and injected a quantity of Cuticura Suppository Syringe. I also took Cuticura Resolvent Pills three times a day. It took a month of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and after that I used Cuticura. It is fortunate that I tried Cuticura. The treatments I had tried took a lot of money that I would have saved by using Cuticura Remedies sooner, but I am wiser now. I am supplied with a full set of the Cuticura Remedies and would not feel safe without them. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Sores, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.) for the Form of Chocolate Coated Pills 25c. per box of 60, to Purge the System. Also the Cuticura Suppository Syringe (50c.). Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

ATLANTA IS AFTER THE FLIES

War on the bold, bad fly has been declared.

"The fly must be eliminated from the body civic, politic and sanitie," says City Bacteriologist Claude A. Smith.

Except for this clatter of dishes, and the riotous clang of knives and forks, everything was moving along smoothly and in the even tenor of its way in one of the restaurants of Atlanta Wednesday, when suddenly and without warning a big man in brass buttons and a uniform stealthily swooped down.

In his left hand was clutched tightly a big empty bottle. Without a word the uniformed man gumshoed from table to table darting here and there, throwing out his right tentacle to catch the gay and festive flies in the midst of their festivities.

The flies buzzed like electric fans. Quick-lunchers looked on with fear and wonderment, while the Greek waiters and the Greek proprietors watched in dumb amazement the strange procedure. The man in the uniform and the brass buttons spoke not a word, but eagerly pursued his prey.

Soon the bottle was well filled with the bold, bad flies. The man went on to another restaurant. In this way nearly all the hotels and restaurants and meat markets in Atlanta were visited.

Thursday morning the man in the uniform turned over to the city bacteriologist a sack or two of flies, duly labeled, and the work of dissecting and analyzing had begun with the view of determining what flies carry what disease—where, when and possibly why.

The flies, it is said, do not understand it all. Some have fled in consternation and dismay, while others remain to mourn the loss of loved ones, or in complete and blissful ignorance of the impending disaster to them and all their ilk.—Georgian.

Magnanimity in victory is a greater courage than bravery in battle. It partakes of the essence of divinity itself. But when the two are combined in one person then indeed we have a picture of true greatness. How many characters in the world's history have risen to so great a height? Why does a landslide always follow a Waterloo?